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Grandma



Lillie Gilliland McDowell



GRANDMA

A COLLECTION OF POEMS
FOR CHILDREN AND
GROWN-UPS



BY

LILLIE GILLILAND McDOWELL

SECOND EDITION. REVISED
AND ENLARGED

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Dedicated to
My Little Daughter Louise
and Her Grandmother,
Frances Cordelia McDowell

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NOTE

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— L. G. M.

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PEN SKETCHES BY
L. L. SARGENT
AND
LOUISE McDOWELL



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When Grandma Sews

My Grandma sews so very well;
She makes her stitches small and straight.....
While mine look most like
turkey-tracks
(But then, of course, I'm
only eight).



My Grandma's thread don't crinkle up;
It's always smooth and nice like this———
She often has to help
with mine,
But makes me pay
her with a kiss.

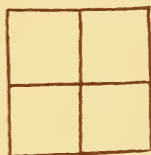


My Grandma keeps her
pretty box
So neat it's ever a de-
light,
While things in mine get
tossed about
Until it is a perfect
sight.



My Grandma sews with glasses on;
I manage well enough without.
If seeing were the whole of it,
I'd learn to sew with ease, no doubt.

When Grandma sews her
patch-work blocks,
She fits her pieces neat
and true,



But let me try howe'er so
hard,
This is the best that I
can do.



But Grandma pats me on the cheek,
And tries to cheer me all she can,
And says, "My dear, how well you sew;
I'm really proud of little Nan."

Grandma's Aprons

Of mornings, till her work is done,
She wears a great big gingham one.
It covers her from waist to shoe,
And if she ever had to do
Without it, 'xpect she'd sigh and say,
"I really cannot work to-day."

But after-noons, when work is done,
She wears a nice white starchy one,
With cunning little bows in place,
Or maybe it's all trimmed in lace.
She looks so sweet in this, I say,
"My! but you're all fixed up to-day."

I wonder, when I look at her,
Which of the aprons I prefer.
The white one is so nice and neat.
The gingham means good things to eat.
But ask me, and I'd likely say,
"I love her most dressed either way."



"The white one is so nice and neat."



"The gingham means good things to eat."

Cuddle Time

“I climb in Grandma’s bed.”

Each morning, soon as I’m awake,
Before my prayer is said,
Or ’fore I’m ever dressed at all,
I climb in Grandma’s bed.
I put my arms about her neck,
She puts her arms ’round me:
And I just lie so comfy there,
While Grandma cuddles me.

She talks to me so soft and low,
About this “clean, new day”;
And what I’d ought to put in it,
Of study, work and play.
It really is the queerest thing,
But true as true can be;
It’s easy to be good all day,
’Cause Grandma cuddled me.

Grandma's Errands

My Grandma Gray is very old,
And when she sews I'm apt to hear,
"I find I can't my needle thread,
Come be my eyes, my dear."
Or if she tries to go up stairs,
She'll likely say, "'Tis very plain
That I will have to have some aid,
My dear, just come and be my cane."

Or if she needs an errand done,
She'll say, "It is too far, I fear.
I could not make it there at all,
Go be my feet, my dear."
I like sometimes to comb her hair;
She likes it, too, 'tis very clear,
For mornings, 'fore she dons her cap,
She'll call, "Come be my hands, my dear."

My Mamma says such kindly deeds
Are far the best way I could show
To Grandma, so she'd understand
Her Grandchild loves her so.
And Grandma is so nice to me,
I could not bear to give her pain,
So that is why I gladly run
To be her eyes, her hands, her cane.

I'm Grandma's Little Girl

I'm Grandma's little girl, she says.

That makes me proud as proud can be.
She calls me that when I'm dressed up
And Ma says, "Run, let Grandma see."

Sometimes she calls me her big girl.

That makes me, oh, much prouder still.
'Tis when she's let me do some work,
(Like fetching drinks when she is ill.)



"I'm Grandma's little girl."

Herb Tea

One time I was just awful sick,
And weak as I could be.
'Twas when I was at Grandma's house.
She dosed me with herb tea.
She didn't call the Doctor man;
She said there was no need,
That I was just a mite run down,
And kinder off my feed.

Now usually I fume and fret
When Mamma calls him in.
The Doctor gives such awful dope,
And it tastes worse'n sin.
If all the stuff I ever took
Could mixed together be,
It wouldn't taste one-half as bad
As Grandma's bitter tea.

Surprisin', though, how quick it worked
To make me feel so well.
If you won't give it all away,
The reason I will tell.
Because I found one nasty dose
Was quite enough for me
To suit my taste, so I got well
To dodge another. See?

Tea at Grandma's

When I go to my Grandma's house, she plays I'm
company,

And takes my wraps with such an air and says:
"You'll stay to tea?"

She gets out her best silver, then—great-Grandma
Winslow's plate—

And all her pretty china, and we eat in grandest
state.

But when I'm done, although she's made for me
all that to-do,

She says: "*There childie, run along, so Big Dark
won't catch you.*"

When Grandma Knits

My Grandma loves to sit and knit.

Click, clack, her needles go ;
While "squeak, squeak" says her rocking chair,
A-rocking to and fro.

My Grandma knits such lovely things,
Mufflers for Tom and Will,
And bouncy-balls for baby dear
To help to keep her still ;

And little stockings for my doll,
And horsey-lines for Ned,
And wristlets, too, for Jack and Joe
Of yarn so bright and red,

And mittens for the very poor,
And hoods all nicely lined ;
It seems to me a lot of work,
But Grandma doesn't mind,

But only sits and smiles and smiles.
And knits the live-long day,
And seems to have a better time
That I do when I play.

I like to watch my Grandma knit.

Click, clack her needles go,
While "squeak, squeak" says her rocking chair,
A-rocking to and fro.



“But only sits and smiles and smiles,
And knits the live-long day.”

A "*Blue*" Story

It stands here on the mantle,
My Grandma's queer old plate.
I'd tell to you the story
I've heard her oft relate,
Only it's written on it
As plain as plain can be.
No need for any telling
If one has eyes to see.

A princess has a lover,
(As most king's daughters do.)
You see him here a waiting,
Beneath this tree of blue.
Blue grass is all around him;
A blue sky bends above;
And o'er the blue tree's branches
There hovers a blue dove.

Far in the blue, dim distance,
A castle blue you see,
And shrubs and flowers a growing
Upon a deep blue lea.
Blue cows feed in the meadow.
Blue lambs disport there, too.
It certainly's unusual,
This landscape all in blue.

She goes to meet her lover,
The princess, all in blue.
What seems so very funny,
Even her hair's blue, too.
A boat-man near awaits them,
His craft a neat blue boat,
And if they can but reach it,
They'll safely be afloat.

The king in blue advances
Across a blue draw-bridge.
Their sole way of escaping
Is up a steep, blue ridge.
And so the pair just stand there,
All stiff from fright. And blue!
Small wonder they're discouraged,
What can the poor things do?

Christmas Secrets

I tell mine all to Grandma,
And she tells hers to me,
And we have just the mostest fun
That ever you did see.

Each time I get a new one,
I whisper in her ear,
And Grandma whispers back again,
And laughs and says, "Dear! Dear!"

But I've one now I have to keep.
I can't tell her, you see.
I wonder—do you 'spose she might
Be keeping one from me?



“Each time I get a new one,
I whisper in her ear.”

Dancing Dolls

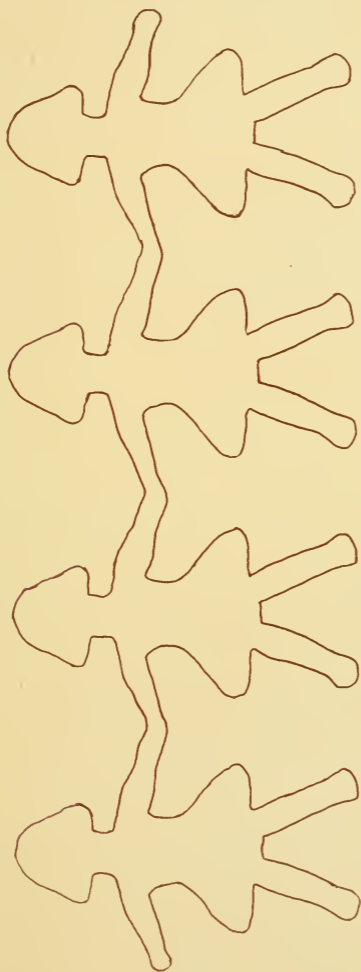
Sometimes our Grandma'll call us:

“Come John and little Sue,
Let's see what my sharp scissors
Can find to-day to do.”

Then she takes a bit of paper
And folds it up just so,
Then slashes with her scissors
And 'fore our eyes there'll grow

A row of dogs or horses,
Or pretty parrot Polls,
But oh, we like the best of all
The little dancing dolls.

They bow and prance and caper,
All dancing in a row;
They are such queer, quaint creatures,
But oh, we love them so.



“They are such queer, quaint creatures.”

Heigh-Ho, 'Tis Her Way!

Grand-mother, why do you wear a frilly lace cap?
And why every day must you have your short nap?
And why, when to the church each fair Sunday
you go,

Must the strings of your bonnet be folded just so?

“Heigh-ho,”

Hear her say,

“’Tis my way!”

Grand-mother, you are so nice to rude girls and
boys.

Now, why don't you scold when we make such
great noise?

Why give us seed cakes and such good things to
eat,

'Till coming to your house is our very best treat?

“Heigh-ho,”

Hear her say,

“’Tis my way!”

“Girls Will Be Girls”

My Mamma and my Daddy say,
When we make lots of noise,
“Such harum-scarum girls you are!
You’re rude as any boys.”

But my Grandma, who’s lots older,
(You’d think she’d be the one
To fuss and frown at our rough ways)
Says, “let them have their fun.”

Then she rings-a-rosey with us
Until my head just whirls,
And when we stop, she pants, “Heigh-ho!
You see girls will be girls.”

When Grandma Comfys Me

Sometimes I hurt myself so bad
When I am at my play,
That I just simply have to cry,
If 'taint the bravest way.

Then I run quick to Mamma,
But she only says, "Oh, fie!
You're almost six years old, my dear,
And far too big to cry."

And then I go to Grandma.
She takes me on her knee,
And gives me bear-hugs in her arms
As tight as tight can be,

And says, "There, Grandma's baby.
Is this the place? do tell!
I think a little lip-salve, dear,
Will quickly make it well."

And then she says, "Now Mr. Bruise,
Here's kisses, one, two, three,"
And I get well just awful quick
When Grandma comfys me.



“And I get well just awful quick,
When Grandma comfys me.”

Out at Grandma's

They is roses out at Grandma's,
Growin' low an' growin' high.
I can pick jist all I want to,
Ner don't have to on the sly.

They's a well, too, out at Grandma's,
With a bucket to let down.
Water's cold enough to freeze you.
'Taint like what you get in town.

An' they's green grass out at Grandma's.
Plenty, growin' all around,
S' thick that when you waller in it,
You don't know you're on the ground.

They is fruit trees out at Grandma's,
Fruit, too, on 'em, hangin' thick.
Grandma says: "Jist help your-self, dear,
I don't care how much you pick."

They's a garden out at Grandma's.
In it's all good things to eat.
Posies, too, in beds a-growin',
Edged with cockle shells so neat.

They is bees, too, out at Grandma's,
Bees a-buzzin'. Hear 'em hum!
Biscuits hot with honey on 'em!
Ain't they good? Oh, yum, yum, yum!

When I'm big I'm goin' to have me
A nice home like Grandma's is.
An' my kids will get to live there.
Won't they have the fun? Gee whiz!

My Grandma's Getting Old, They Say

My Grandma's getting old, they say.

Her hair is white, her step is slow.

She never goes a-pleasuring,

She'd rather sit and knit, or sew.

Her shoulders stoop and 'thout her specs

She'd find it hard, indeed, to see.

My Grandma's getting old, they say.

But, oh! She is not old to me.

My Grandma's getting old they say,

But, oh! She is not old to me.

A finer pal than Grandma is

I don't believe you'd ever see.

She mends my toys, and when I like

She'll play "make calls," or "drinking tea."

My Grandma's getting old they say.

But *NEVER* will be old to me,

A Fellow Feeling

Once when I was a little tot
I was naughty as I could be.
(I'm 'shamed to tell how bad I was,)
And my Mamma punished me.

She set me down upon a chair
With a frown so cross at me
And said, "Now, missy, you stay there,
And you don't get any tea."

Soon Grandma came and sat down near,
And she looked so very sad
I wondered what on earth it meant,
Had my Grandma, too, been bad?

And then I said, "Why, Grandma, dear,
Now whatever did you do?
I think things are at pretty pass
If my Mamma's punished you."



“Grandma came and sat down near,
And she looked so very sad.”

What Kind of Grandma Do You Like?

What kind of Grandma do you like?

Mine has soft, silv'ry hair,
And eyes that twinkle kindly,
And a brow that's soft and fair,
She smiles a sort of crinkly smile
At me when I am good,
It always makes me try my best,
And don't you think it would?

What kind of Grandma do you like?

Mine gives me sweets and toys,
And never, never scowls at me
Or says, "Now hush that noise!"
What kind of Grandma you may have,
Or what your choice might be,
I do not know, but I am sure
Mine is the one for me!

Grandma's Stories

At evening by the fire-light
We gather 'round her knee.
There's John and Sam and Jennie,
And 'course there's always me.
She tells the finest stories
A body ever heard.
We sit so interested
And never say a word!

There's one about Queen Esther
Of course *that* Jennie likes.
While John's and Sammie's fancy
The "Lions' Den" just strikes.
But I—I pick young David
Pastin' G'liath with a sling.
How could he kill a giunt
With such a little thing?

Mother tells us dainty tales
'Bout fairies and all such.
Daddy tells us hunting ones;
We like them very much.
But Grandma's kind of stories,
Why, they help us to be good.
So always we prefer them,
And don't you think we should?

A Tea Party

Sometimes I get so awful cross,
When it's a rainy day,
And not a thing I want to do,
And nothing I can play.

But soon there comes a gentle rap,
Right by me on the wall;
And Grandma says, "How do you do?
I thought I'd come to call.

How are you, Mrs. Wilson, now?
Are all the children well?
This is a welcome rain we have,
And breaks a long dry spell."

And then I offer her a chair,
With just my nicest smile;
And say, "I'm glad to see you, ma'am,
I hope you'll stay awhile."

And Grandma laughs. "Ah-ha! I guessed
That I would welcome be;
If this is not too broad a hint,
I thought I'd stay for tea."

And then we have the mostest fun,
And not a thing to eat;
But Grandma plays the game so well,
You'd think we had a treat.

She says: "These rolls are very fine,
Why, yes, I'll take some jelly.
Fried chicken! and so nice and brown,
'Twill suit me more than well.

And cake! I never knew before
How light a cake could be!"
And "Thank you, yes ma'am, if you please
Another cup of tea."

And then she says: "Why bless my heart,
If there is not the sun!
I've had a lovely time, my dear,
And now I home must run."



“And then we have the mostest fun,
And not a thing to eat!”

When Grandma Loses Her Spec's

Sometimes when Grandma's sewing,
She'll stop and say, "Dear me!
I had them just a while ago,
Where can my glasses be?"
I say, "I'll find them, Grandma,"
Then I look everywhere;
But wouldn't for the world she'd guess
I know just where they are.

I hunt around until I am
So tired I'm almost dead;
Then laugh and say, "Why Grandma dear,
They're right there on your head!"
What d'ye 'spose she tells me then?
It drives me almost wild,—
"I do declare! just every day
I grow more like a child!"



“I laugh and say, ‘Why Grandma dear,
They’re right here on your head.’ ”

G-R-A-N-D-M-A

I'm four years old and can't know much.

I'm proud, though, that I write and spell
A great big word, and Mamma says
I really do it very well.

Course Mamma showed me how to print

This word—it's letters slow I'll say.
Can you pronounce it when I've done?
It's G-r-a-n-d-m-a.

Contrast

'Tis queer to think of our Grandmas,
That once they were but little girls,
And wore their hair in long pigtails,
Or else in funny, bobbing curls.

'Tis queer to think they ran and played,
And laughed and romped in childish glee.
I wonder if they ever tired,
And rested on their Mother's knee.

But sad to think they had to work,
And learn to sweep, and bake, and mend.
'Tis painful how they had to sit
And stitch those long seams without end.

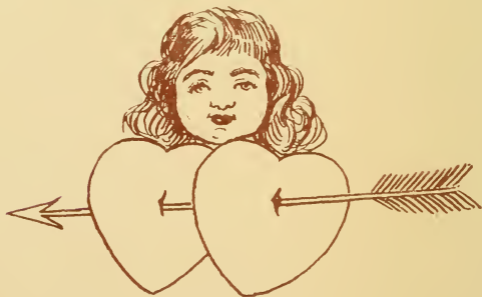
There's much to envy 'bout those days,
And much looks most unpleasant, too.
I think I'd rather live to-day,
Because there is much less to do!

I'll Be Your Valentine

I took some paper, pen and ink,
And tried so hard to make
A pretty one and write on it
"For your own dear, sweet sake."
But soon I found that drawing things
Is clearly not my line,
But if you think I'll do for one
I'll be your valentine.

Perhaps I should have bought you one
But cents I had but few,
And really nothing they would get
Was good enough for you.
I asked Mamma, "Why send such things?"
She said: "They are love's sign."
So, if I can mean that to you,
I'll be your valentine.

Of course you may get heaps of 'em;
I fear, tho', 'cause you're old,
That folks will think you know their love
Without a-being told.
So to make sure you will get one
That's extra nice and fine,
Why Grandma, if I'll fill the bill,
I'll be your valentine.



Two Proverbs

My Mamma always says to us—
To me and Tom and Kate—
“Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry now!
To school you will be late!

You’ve heard it often. I am sure
The proverb you should know
About the tortoise, and the hare
Who lost, ‘cause he was slow.”

But Grandma always says to us,
“Now why this anxious haste?
Try to be calm and cool, my dears,
Remember, ‘haste makes waste.’ ”

I am not wise enough to know
Which way I should prefer
For living by, but I am sure
Grandma’s is pleasanter!

The Old Sampler

I found it in the attic,
All covered o'er with grime.
Scarce could I read it's letters,
So faded now by time.
A queer, old-fashioned sampler,
My tears bedew each line.
Grandmother set these stitches,
When she was "aged nine."

I seem to see her working
If I but close my eyes,
Dear wee one, bravely tackling
Her stent. So great it's size!
With patience rare she wove them,
These gaudy stitches fine.
How I love each straggling one!
"Cordelia, aged nine."

The sampler is an heir-loom
We'll always hold most dear.
It sets for us the lesson
That we should persevere.
Your patience made you saintly,
Your memory we'll enshrine,
Your virtues try to copy,
"Cordelia, aged nine."

When Grandma Tucks Me In

Mamma puts me to bed o' nights,
And after I have said my prayers,
She sits and talks awhile before
She leaves me and goes back down stairs.

And when I am about asleep,
I hear a whisper, "Little Min!"
And slipping softly to my bed,
My Grandma comes and tucks me in.

I'm glad for Mamma's thoughtful care,
Her talks of goodness and of sin—
Please don't tell her I could not sleep
'Thout Grandma came and tucked me in.

A Pertinent Question

When I contradict my mamma,
She always says just so :
“I’m older far than you, my dear,
Don’t you think I’d ought to know?”

But whenever mamma spans me,
My Grandma shakes her head,
And says, “No, no, a gentler way :
Just you love her hard instead.”

And mamma always says to that :
“Indeed ! you’d spoil her, though.”
Now Grandma’s very, very old,
Don’t you think she’d ought to know ?



“Now Grandma’s very, very old,
Don’t you think she’d ought to know?”

The Way Out

At home my Mamma says: "Oh, shame!
You are by far too big
To gobble; 'sides you'll get too fat.
Now, don't eat like a pig."

At Grandma's, Grandma always says;
"You are so small, I know
You'd ought to try out eating more,
I'd like to see you grow."

Now maybe both are half way wrong.
To Grandma I'll indite
A note: "Please keep me half the time,"
Then I will grow just right!

The Old and the New

My sister had her picture taken
To-day. It's cute as cute can be.
Her hair is bobbed, her dress correct.
It's not an inch below her knee.

She slipped the picture in the album.
It happened then that right beside,
There was a photo of our Grandma,
Taken the day she was a bride.

And Grandma's dress was in the fashion:
That is, 'twas stylish for her day,
Though, could she step now in our ball-room,
Sue says, she'd be thought "quite passe."

Her waist was small; she wore a bustle;
A tiny little fan she bore;
Her dress was widened out by hoop-skirts,
And barely it escaped the floor.

A cute and dainty little ringlet
So jauntily hung o'er her ear.
She looked so odd, and quaint and funny,
But 'spite of that so very dear.

They say that girls to-day are silly;
The way they dress is most unwise.
Sue's picture looks as well as Grandma's:
At least it seems to in my eyes.

Sue says she feels so free, unhampered,
And has no bother with her clothes.
How in the world dear Grandma managed,
Why surely only goodness knows!

When Grandma Was a Little Girl

When Grandma was a little girl
Her dresses came 'most to the floor
And over them she used to wear
A pretty ruffled pinafore.
Her bonnets, though, were very plain.
She carried a small reticule
And wore a little shoulder cape
Of mornings, when she went to school.

My Grandma always was most neat,
Obedient, and good, and true;
It was a pleasure, so she says,
To do as she was told to do.
And when she sewed she always set
Her stitches firm and neat and fine;
That sampler on the parlor wall
She worked: "Cordelia, aged nine."

She pieced a quilt 'fore she was eight,
'Twas made of white and gay maroon.
She'd sit most patiently each day
And stitch the whole long afternoon.
Her stockings, too, she always knit.
And turned with skill the heel and toe.
She darned and patched—such useful things,
She says, each young girl ought to know.

When Grandma was a little girl
She was, I think, so very dear.
Such eyes! Such smiles! Such lovely hair!
This is her picture hanging here.
I'd like to look as she did then,
(Such praise, I know, her beauty got)
But as for doing as she did,
I really think I'd rather not!



“This is her picture hanging here.”

Counting the Baby's Toes

"Inkum, blinkum, winkum, niddle and nod,
Every one sweet as a rose."

Dear Grandmother croons this sleepy-time song,
Counting the little toes.

"Lively, frolic, kick-y, upum and go,
How much fun no-body knows!"

Dear Grandmother chants this waking-up lay,
Counting the little toes.

Grandma's Young Days

Once Grandma was a young lady, she says.

It's hard to believe, but it's true.

She showed me a gown she used to wear then,

All soft, and all lace-y and blue.

She showed me the fan she carried, which she

Coquettishly swung to and fro.

I'd like to have seen her smiles and her frowns

At Grandpa, who then was her beau.

She showed me her slippers, spangly and white.

(So tiny and cute were her feet.)

I'd like to have seen her glide through a dance.

Her steps so precise and so neat.

She showed me the ring Grandpa gave to her

One evening of love and of bliss.

I'd like to have seen her young lover plant

On her brow his chaste, proper kiss.

She showed me the locket which she used to wear.

His picture and hers, both inside.

Were taken, she says, upon the glad day

She became my Grandpa's young bride.

Oh, Grandma! you then were so sweet and so fair

Of lip, and of cheek and of brow.

I'd like to have seen you, far different then,

But not a bit sweeter than now!

Grandma's Hygiene

My Mamma says that little girls
Should eat what makes them strong;
That when I eat what injures me,
I'm doing very wrong.

She says that pies and cakes and such,
Are far too rich for me,
And if I hope to sturdy grow,
I'll have to let them be.

But Grandma says to Mamma, "Fie!
Let her eat what she craves;
These squeamish notions going 'round
Are making people slaves."

Don't think about yourself at all,
If you would healthy be.
I always eat just what I want
And nothing e'er ails me."

I don't know which of them is right,
But this I truly know;
When Grandma writes, "Come spend a week,"
I'm always glad to go.



“When Grandma writes, ‘Come spend a week.’”

Grandma's Prayer

Each evening when I say my prayer,
I kneel at Grandma's knee;
And Grandma always bows her head,
And folds her hands like me.
I thank Him for his loving care,
As all dear children should;
And ask Him for His tender grace,
To help me to be good.
And Oh, He hears my prayer I know,
And keeps from me each harmful foe.

Then Grandma says a little prayer,
As soon as I am through;
I fold my hands and bow my head,
And try to join in too.
And Oh, the words seem brimming full
Of faith and love most sweet,
Although it is a simple prayer,
And easy to repeat.
Just: "Father, guard me through the night,
And keep me safe 'till morning light."

Now Grandma prays, I'm very sure,
A dozen times a day;
I often linger near her door,
To hear what she might say.
She asks Him for enough of strength
To help her bear her load;
And pleads that He will hold her hand,
As she toils on the road.
And that He hears and gives her grace,
We know it by her peaceful face.

But Oh, I think the sweetest prayer
I ever heard her pray,
Is that brief one she says with me,
At closing of the day.
It seems to me 'tis good enough
To whisper when you die;
And all the angels bright would bend
To listen from the sky,
To "Father guard me through the night,
And keep me safe 'till morning light."



“And that He hears and gives her grace,
We know it by her peaceful face.”

Loneliness

Grandma's gone a-visitin',
And O, my dearie me!
I never really knew before,
How lonesome I could be.

I mope and mope around the house,
And do not care to play;
And nothing seems to be just right,
Since Grandma's gone away.

I miss her apron from it's nail
Her bible from the shelf;
But most of all I think I miss,
Just dear Grandma herself.



"I mope and mope around the house,
And do not care to play."

When Grandma Punished Me

One time out at my Grandma's house
I got a naughty spell,
And Grandma looked so kind o' s'prised,
And said: "Louise! well! well!
That doesn't seem like you at all,
Whatever shall I do?
So bad you've been I really think
I'll have to punish you.

Now just you stand behind that door
Till you can better be."
"It tires me so to stand," I said,
"And hurts me in the knee."
"Try sitting then. Right here's a place.
Beside that window there,
Where you can have the morning sun,
And plenty of good air."

"I hate to sit schrunched up," I cried,
"Why, Grandma, now you know
That every single time I sit,
It always cramps me so!"
"What then," she frowned, "for well you know
That spanking I won't try;
I don't believe in it at all."
"No, ma'am," I said, "nor I."

"Dear me! Dear me!" poor Grandma sighed,
"That there should come to me
So sad a time as this when I
My duty cannot see!"
I hugged her hard. "Poor thing," I cried,
"I truly pity you.
I mustn't worry you like this;
I'll tell you what to do!

Just put me out there 'neath the tree,
Upon that grassy spot;
With cookies three, and make me eat,
If I want them or not."
And grandma laughed and looked relieved,
And brought the cooky pan.
And said: "I'm glad you thought of that,
It is the very plan!"



“And Grandma laughed and looked relieved,
And brought the cooky pan.”

Grandma's Lullaby

Bright-eyed stars are peeping
'Tween the cloudlets white;
Calling to the sleepy earth,
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
Tired little flowers
Nod their drowsy heads,
Chicky-bids and birdies, too,
Long since sought their beds.
All the world is sleepy,
Swathed in moonlight white;
Winds are crooning soft and low,
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Sweetly sleep, my dear one,
Watched by angels bright;
Fear shall not disturb thy rest,
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!
Darkness hovers o'er thee,
Soon will come the light;
Breezes waft sweet dreams to thee,
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!



"All the world is sleepy,
Swathed in moonlight white."

The Old Willow Basket

O, poets have sung of the old oaken bucket,
Like-wise of the bootjack that hung on the wall.
My lyre I'm attuning to sing of a treasure
To my humble notion surpassing them all.
I speak of the basket my Grandmother cherished,
And gladly I offer this tribute of praise
To the dear willow basket, quaint willow basket,
The old willow basket of Grandmother's days.

At home it held proudly her mending and knitting.
Her great balls of worsted and gay colored yarns.
Her needles and thread, and her latest quilt piecing.
And even the stockings awaiting her darns.
In short, a receptacle, useful and handy,
Revealing her neat and industrious ways.
Was that blessed old basket, that queer old basket,
That old willow basket of Grandmother's days.

When calling she came how we hurried to meet her!
With whoops of delight the old basket we'd hail.
We knew that a store there of lovely surprises
Its uplifted lid would reveal without fail.
O, still I can smell the rare odors that greeted
Our senses from sweet-meats and apples in store
In that old willow basket, rare willow basket,
Entrancing old basket that Grandmother bore.

But now she is gone, as an heir-loom it's left us,
A cherished reminder of old-fashioned days.
O me! while we praise, admire and adore them,
I fear we've not copied her dear, thrifty ways.
But close in our memory fore'er we'll enshrine it,
Our voices forever in homage we'll raise
To that dear willow basket, precious old basket
That hallowed old basket of Grandmother's days.



“The old willow basket
Of Grandmother’s days.”

Retrospect

It's a long, well-beaten track
That she traces—looking back.
Thorns and stones beset the way;
Clouds obscured each sunny day;
Toil was hers, and stern affray,
Looking back!

Pain she sees, and sorrow's rack
Through a tear-mist—looking back.
Joy, she says, was there as well;
Peace beyond what tongue can tell;
Love thanksgivings must impel,
Looking back!

Not a moment did she lack,
Testifies she—looking back,
Grace to meet her every need;
Manna rich her soul to feed,
Far, she says, beyond her meed,
Looking back!

Peace, we know, she'll never lack,
As we watch her looking back.
Peace that glorifies her brow,
Hovers o'er her dear lips now,
Till we wonder why and how,
Looking back!



“It’s a long, well-beaten track,
That she traces—looking back.”



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